O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe,
Fidler Why hearts eaſe?
Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies, my hart is full of woe.
O play me ſome merry dumpe to comfort me.
Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Min. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
Min. Then will I giue you the ſeruing creature.
Pet. Then will I ſay the ſeruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carrie no Crochets, ile Re you, ile Fa you
doe you note me?
Min. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you note vs,
2.*M*. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Peter. Then haue at you with my wit.
I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, & put vp my yron dagger.
Anſwere me like men:
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique, with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay you Simon Catling?
Min. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet Pratee, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?
2.*M*. I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Pet. Pratee to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?
3.*M*. Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no Gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe,

Exit. *Min.*

Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?
M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarr
Mourners, and ſtay dinner.

Ex

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes Lord. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts
I dreampt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy,

Enter Romeos *man* Balthazer.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the *Frier*?
How doth my Lady, is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhee be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.
Ro. Is it euen ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thouknoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and doe import
Some miſaduenture.
Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.